

7 Mr. *William Fuller's*

LETTER

TO

MR. *John Tutchin,*

AUTHOR OF THE

OBSERVATOR.

LONDON:

Printed for the Author, in the Year, 1703.

Mr. William Fuller's Letter &c

SIR,

HAVING lately seen your weekly Observations, and knowing what your Life and Conversation for ten Years past has been, I am astonished at your surprizing Impudence, and that you should dare to set up for the Reformer of the Estate of this Nation, and of Mens Lives and Manners, before you give no proofs of your own Repentance and Reformation, from those many enormous Crimes you have so Notoriously been guilty of.

I wish for a general Redress of Grievances, the Prosperity of Her Majesty Queen *Ann*, and that her Government may be long and glorious; that true Religion, and all Virtues, may flourish in Her Time; and that Wickedness and Vice may be rooted out from amongst us.

And as you, unworthy deceitful Man, have, with your Correspondents, been the cruel Author of all my Sufferings; and was by your accursed Insigations and Advice, that I was drawn to commit those Crimes which have made me for ever unhappy for which I have eternal Cause to repent and beg pardon of God and Man, which most unfeignedly I do; I think it is my Duty to advise you to the same; that casting out the Mote which is in your own Eye, you may see the more clearly to pluck out the Thorn which is in your Brother's: And since all private Admonition is not sufficient to warn you; and those who are best acquainted with you, know no more than your self, what Religion you pretend to I can think of no way so proper as your own, that is by exposing your ill Practices, (as you do others) in hopes that Shame may work you to amendment.

You know our Acquaintance is of about eleven or twelve Years standing; and we first met at Dr. *Oats's*, where you began with other, to work on the immaturity of my Judgment, and to compleat me an Engine fit for your own accursed Purposes. I was young, and very foolish, but have not forgot how you weighed against the Church of *England*, and endeavoured to reproach worse, if possible, than the Church of *Rome*. How have you

continually caluminated the present Pious Bishops, calling them in your Lampoon (upon the House of Lords) which you gave me at *Cifdell's* Coffee-house, by the Court of Requests, in *May 1701*, all Sons of the Pope, and true Friends to *France*, the Cormorants of our *English* Nation, and the Encouragers of Arbitrary-Power; say, much worse, which I am ashamed to Mention. Did you not thousand times, in my company, say you would hang all the Bishops in *England* for Two pence? And that the Doctrine of the Church of *England* was as corrupt, and the Ceremonies as superstitious, as that of *Rome*? I should be very glad to be assured, and that you are of another Opinion now: But I know you to be quite every hollow and deceitful, and I am afraid your good Characters give not from your Heart. You cannot, I hope, have so much Impudence, as to deny how presumptuously you have, during our acquaintance, endeavour'd to persuade me, and all that converse with you, that the murder of King *Charles* the First, was the most glorious and just Action, that ever was done in *England*, and your blessed Martyr, whom you call'd Rogue, Murderer, Tyrant, Cut-Throat, and have Five hundred times, in my hearing, affirmed that all the Family of the *Stuarts*, down to King *James* the Second were guilty of the same and deserv'd to have been serv'd worse than he was: How did you magnify that saying of your Friend, and *Fulian Johnson* That since the Church-men say, Kings are only accountable to God Almighty, they did cut off the King's Head, that he might be the sooner to give his Accounts. Many times have you magnified of *God's* Calves-Head-Feast, and swore that none but Fools and Knaves durst speak against, or kept from it; then shewing me the Hymns and Songs that are sung upon the 30th of *January*, in praise of that noble Deed, as you term it, which all good Men abhor, and pray God to avert those Judgments that we may reasonably fear hang over our Heads for that unparallel'd Wickedness.

The late King *James* saved you from the Gallows, and pardon'd you when you were sentenced to be whipt, and stand in the Pillory once every Year, in every Market-Town in *Dorsetshire*, and to requite this Mercy of the King's, you became his deadly enemy, and the worst Name and Language in your most foul mouth, was always thought by you, too good for him.

The late King *William* having heard of your Fame, would by you in no means give you any encouragement, nor scandalize his Government, by letting you into any place of Trust or Credit, however after three or four Years waiting, by the favour of some Men, as Mad and Extravagant as your self, you got into the

the Victualing-Office, a Place, indeed, very proper for your Constitution; for being a Clerk there, with a Sallary of about 40*l. per Annum*, besides the opportunity of providing for your Family with the Offals and Fees, belonging to the Office, you lived some time at ease, and became as fat as a Porpus, and as nasty and greasy as any of the Butchers, with whom you had your Conversation: But your Sallary not being able to support your craving and lustful Appetite after Wine and Whores, tho' you had a good Wife and Children at Home which you seldom came near; and being run in Debt at your Hedge-Tavern, and at the Tippling Houses thereabouts, they began to be troublesome, and that uneasiness encreasing on every side, you fell out with the Commissioners, and presently flew to the King and the Lords of the Treasury, and by reason your Complaint appeared to be groundless and false, your next Application was to the Parliament, where you proposed to make it appear, that the Commissioners of Victualling had cheated the King and Nation of vast Sums of Money, and many other great Crimes you laid to their Charge; and being heard there, you could make nothing out: Then turn'd out of your Employ, all your Invectives were against King *William* and the *Dutch*, and your good Friends the Whiggs you exclaimed against as the greatest Rogues of all. It were endless to go about to mention the many Plots, and other enormous Crimes you pretended to find out; and that a certain noble Lord betray'd the *Turky-Fleet*; nay, you could prove who those great Men were that betray'd the King's Counsels, and sold us to the *French*. Oh *John! John!* don't you remember what damn'd Stories you and your Friend *Gossip Murray* related of the Royal Family, and how you used to pray, that the then Princess of *Denmark*, now our most gracious Queen, might never come to the Crown; and what accursed things have you not said against her, to me and others openly not four Months before her happy Accession to the Crown. Have you not wickedly swore she was in the Interest of *France* and would deliver up the Nation to the Young Spark when ever it was in her Power? In short, did you not, Oh thou false Tongue, say every thing that was wicked, and could do hurt against the very best of Christians, and of Princes? Then as to the Succession of the Crown, I have a hundred times heard you swear, you had rather there should be no King or Queen, (tho' you would have, I know you spoke so much truth from your Heart) than any Forreigner, tho' a Protestant should come here. And how have you upbraided the Illustrious House of *Hannover* with being Men of no true Religion, debauched in their Lives

and that the Nation would be miserable if they came here? I am very glad you are now convinced of your Error, and hope you will repent of these abominable Sins; for God and your own Conscience, knows that my Assertions are true.

But I cannot leave you yet, without remembering you how very unstable you have been in all your ways: Did you not write *The Forreigners*, and could any body have affronted King *William* more? Did you not fly to your *Parnassus*, and shelter your self from his Majesty's Messengers, (who had the Secretary of States Warrant against you for the same) in a blind Ale-house, at the Windmill, by Mr. *Bowyers*, at *Camberwel*, where you cuckolded the honest Miller, at which he broke his Heart; and your Mistress being a Widow, you lived at random: and as you have often boasted, you got her Maid with Child in the Windmill, then married the Wench to your Country-man's Waggoner? To shew your Religion, you may remember, how that I was coming one Day from Mr. *Bowyer's* it being the Day appointed by the King to be kept with Fasting and Prayers to Almighty God, for averting the Sins of the Nation, and imploring his Blessing on his Majesty's Arms, &c. as I was passing by, you called me in, where I found your Worship and a Parson, with two impudent Whores, and two Bullies, Pick-pockets, belonging to *Buckingham-Court* near *Charing-Cross*, as you your self afterwards informed me; and when I reprehended you for your leud Actions and Discourse, your reply was, that the Nation deserv'd to be da——'d; and as for your own part, you thought Prayers were foolish things; this was about two Years since, I hope you have not forgot to repent of it.

I confess, I thought, if you were of any Religion, it was a *Dissenter*; but when I heard you rail at all that Clergy, especially against your Uncle, the Reverend and Learned Mr. *John How*, and some other particular good Men, sparing them and their Doctrine, no more than you did the Church of *England*, tho' in different Expressions, and your *Tribe of Levi*, and your *Apostates*, both Satyrs against the Clergy of the Church of *England*, and the *Dissenters*, I was more at a stand than ever.

After this, your abode was incognito for a while, sometimes in Town, at others, near *Croyden*, until, at last, you were quite run out of all Stock and Credit, and removing your Equipage, in a small Sheet of Brown Paper, you left your Lodging, without paying any Rent, and came over to me, to the *Old Baily*, and hav-

having not a Penny of Money, I frankly procured you a Lodging, with your Friend Mr. Ro Murray, at your Old Acquaintance's House, Mr. Leaper, at the corner of Fleet-lane, where I furnished you for several Weeks, with Money, Meat, and Drink, and every thing you wanted, and took you into the Country with me, to give you all the Diversion I could; and when Mr. Murray came and complained to me; that he could no longer bear you to lie vvith him, because you vvere lousie, for vvant of Linnen to shift your self; I supply'd that vvant also, and you very vvell knowv supported you for near ten Weeks at no small Expence.

Then you published several other Pamphlets; and pick'd up a Whore in *Black-Friars*, who eased me of my Burthen; and the Right Honourable, S——r H——r, with his Brother——, encouraging you, by giving you considerable Presents for your Books, and doing you other Favours, you grew upish in the World again; but to this Day, have shewed no sign of that Justice or Gratitude to me: for, notwithstanding my tedious and great Misfortunes, (which shou'd have been your own) you have never made me any return of my Kindness, nor the Money I lent you. But of all the Injuries you have done me, how you, and several of your Society, Men of Title, and specious Pretence and Cunning, (but false Pretenders) for Religion, i. liberty, Property, and the good of their Country; how you, and these, I say, came to work my Shame and Ruin, I have writ at large. and fully proved and explained, in the impartial Narrative of my Life, now in the Press, with an ingenious Acknowledgment of all my past Sins, wherein I have done Justice to all, that by Error, or otherwise, I have wronged or abused (never before made publick) and I do it now with perfect abhorrence of my Folly, and a full Resolution, never to be seduced by any, nor be guilty of the like, nor any others, for the future.

My Advice is, That you would repent also; for surely the Guilt of what I have here faithlully repeated, must stare you in the face, besides much more which I know, that I forbear to mention, either here, or else-where.

If you do not openly recant, I shall be afraid, the Converts you make, are still in a bad Condition: For when I knew you, your Principles and Morals were so bad, and worse than I can relate, that shou'd your Pupil in *Black-Friars*, take his precepts and Example from you, the reformer Protestant Religion, of which Communion soever he pretends to be, I am afraid, will have but little cause to boast that he is of their

their Church or Society. The Church of England being the very best and purest Religion in the World, I know, affords the greatest Reason and Argument in the World, for Men to embrace and come to her: But I have a jealousy, that you are carrying this Convert of yours another way; I should have liked his Renunciation well, if I had seen some Minister's Hand to it; but finding the Form of Words drawn up by you, and witnessed by a little prating Anabaptist Constable, you, and he, must pardon me, and others, if we will tell you, it looks only like a Jest, or something like your self, that want honest Integrity and a reasonable Ground; and in such Cases, I think, the Assistance and Testimony of a learned Divine is of absolute necessity, and would have given much Reputation to your Success.

But I am afraid, Jack, you retain your old Practice and Principles in secret: And because it is not very common, unless amongst Brutes I will tell the World how you prescribed to have Churches Consecrated, viz. To shite upon the Communion-Table, and the Ground about it, for the Bishop (as you say) having defiled it with his Prayers, and the Ceremony of Consecration, this beastly Act, you affirm, makes the Place holy: You must have Impudence without compare, if you can deny that you have said this to me, and others, forty-times, on purpose to ridicule the sacred Ordinances of the Church of England, and to persuade me, and others, from going to worship Almighty God there.

Now let the World judge, what a worthy Person Mr. Observator is, of his Zeal for Religion, who never had any; of his Duty to his Prince, who was born and bred, and has always lived, in either open or secret Rebellion; of his Honour and Honesty, who never was true or grateful to any Man, nor paid his just Debts, but of meer necessity, to avoid Bayliffs, and a Goal.

I say, Woe to the Sheep, when a Wolf is their Guide And positively, and honestly, I do affirm, that I knew Mr. Tutchin so well, as that I do him no wrong in saying he has not no good Principle in him: His Pride prompts to be the Head of a Party, and admired by Fools and Knaves: His restless Temper is such, that he will do mischief, altho' he suffer for it, rather than be idle; and much I fear, that what I have undergone, will one Day be your Fate, as it is your Desert, ingenious Mr. Observator.

I have but one or two Questions to demand of you, and so conclude. Tell me therefore, pray Sir, How comes it to pass, that you reflected so grossly upon the Parliament, for ensuring me, as you did in your last Page of your *Moose grown a Rat*, which

was Printed and Published in *January 1702*, being the very time my Business was before the House of Lords, and that you also took my part in your *Observator*, after my Tryal and Conviction; and now very lately, since I discovered the Authors of my Miscarriage, you have done me all the despight you can; rail at me worse than the Papists or Jacobites did formerly, and nothing that the Malice of your Head and Party can invent, is omitted to render me obnoxious? It is very hard, that you should ruin me, by drawing me from a Prospekt of the greatest Happiness in this World, and ensaare me, to the incurring the just Displeasure of two Houses of Parliament, meerly to gratify your own Humours, or to carry on a great and yvicked Design, of a Parties projecting, to destroy the Monarchical Government of these Kingdoms; tho I was at first a stranger to your purposed end, yet by all your Forgeries, Oaths and Protestations, vvas I dravvn ignoratly to vvrong others, for vvhich Inadvertency, I have been, and am still a Sufferer.

It is not, I say, inhumanly Barbarous, after I have done and suffered all this on your Account, and saved you from the Justice of the Nation, that you should very cruelly pursue me with implacable malice, and to add to my misfortunes all that you can think of, wish, or purchase? I know you fear both what I can say and make cut; tho on your part, you have not been wanting to incapacitate me from doing you any harm, nor do I intend it.

What I have Published in my Life, is designed, and a Duty I owe to the World, (especially to particular Persons abused) to give a fair understanding how Matters were brought about, that is, in plain, how I was engaged, the Parliament affronted, and the Innocent accused and wronged.

My Relation is very modest, and Impartially true, and I purpose never to appear, in print again, unless highly provoked, and if so, look to it;

I am as you use me,

Queen's-Bench Prison,
Aug. 23d. 1703.

F I N I S.

W. Fuller.

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